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CATECHEE OF KEEOWEE

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM

DANIEL

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KEEOWEE'S VALE.

CATEECHEE OF KEEOWEE:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

BY

J. W. DANIEL. A.M.

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To the Memory of

Laura Antoinette Daniel,

Who Died at Sumter, S. C., Dec. 16, 1895,
Aged Twenty-One Months and Eight Days,
This Little Volume Is Most Sacredly Dedicated
By the Father,
Whose Heart Has Never Ceased to Sorrow,
and Who Hopes to Meet His Little
Guardian Angel in the
Better Land.

INSCRIPTION.

The story contained within these pages is a historical fact. In 1750 Capt. James Francis and his two sons, Allan and Henry, in company with two other pioneers, Messrs. Gowdy and Savage, came to the vicinity of Ninety-Six, S. C., and established a trading post with the Cherokees. Allan Francis, with his father, frequently visited the Cherokee country on trading expeditions. During these visits he became acquainted with Cateechee, or Isaqueena, as she is sometimes called. She was a slave to the old chief, Kuruga, and a captive Choctaw maiden, hence the two names by which she is known in tradition. The former is Cherokee and the latter is Choctaw. The names mean the same thing—"The Deer's Head." She was a beautiful girl, and Allan Francis became enamored with her personal charms. A few years after the establishment of the trading post Kuruga determined to massacre the traders and appropriate their effects. The plot was betrayed by Cateechee,

who rode through the forest from Keeowee, a famous Cherokee town located on Keeowee River, in what is now the northwestern part of Pickens County, S. C., to Ninety-Six, in what is now Greenwood County, and revealed Kuruga's dark designs to her lover, Allan Francis. The betrayal of the plot thwarted the designs of the old chief. Cateechee did not return to Keeowee, but became the wife of Allan Francis. Some years after this event young Francis and Cateechee were captured by Cherokee braves and carried into the Cherokee country, where they remained for nearly two years. Finally they escaped, as related in the poem, and came back to the old trading-post, where they lived and died.

Stump-House Mountain, the scene of their escape, is six miles north of Walhalla, S. C., and around its base flows Isaqueena Creek; and the falls down which it is said Isaqueena leaped are at the southern entrance of the somewhat famous (locally) tunnel of the Blue Ridge railroad partly excavated through Stump-House Mountain.

The Indian names contained in the poem are

correctly written and defined, and the reader may rest assured that the meaning of these names is correct in every instance. This part of the poem has cost the author much research. The place-names—Ninety-Six; Six Miles, a creek in Pickens County; Twelve Miles, a small river in Pickens County; Eighteen Creek, constituting a lengthy portion of the line between Pickens and Anderson Counties; Three-and-Twenty and Six-and-Twenty, creeks in Anderson County—were all named in commemoration of Cateechee's famous and heroic ride. These streams crossed her path, and were respectively six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-three, and twenty-six miles at the point where she crossed them from the Cherokee town, Keeowee; and Ninety-Six, the terminus of her ride, is just ninety-six miles from Keeowee.

The Indian names which the poem contains are easily pronounced, if the reader will remember that every Cherokee word has the same number of syllables that it has vowels—every vowel is sounded as in Latin.

The following key to the pronunciation of the place-names and the names of the *dramatis*

personæ, will aid the reader in giving the correct sounds to the vowels:

â as in law.

û as in cut.

a unmarked, as a in father.

ĭ as i in wish.

The author is grateful to the public for the kind reception given to his books already published, and in submitting this volume he realizes very keenly that it is rather dangerous to appear before the public in the guise of a poet. But he wishes to reaffirm his confidence and trust in men, and distinctly to state that he is not a poet, and that the design of this little volume is by no means to lay claim to the favor of the Muses, but to record a great historic event (in a style similar to Longfellow's "Hiawatha"), which ought to be the common property of a great people, who to-day occupy the hunting-grounds of the red man. AUTHOR.

Abbeville, S. C., 1898.

CATEECHEE OF KEEOWEE.

BOOK I.

Lovely Keeowee's vale stretched
Far north, while the sable shadows
Of approaching night fell o'er it.
'Twas dark here and light there—spotted
As a leopard, flecked with light,
Dappled with spots by the pale moon,
Which, now and then, peeped through clouds
And bedecked the vale with shadows.
Like a silver thread the river
Flowed through the beautiful vale—
Murmured sweetly—whispered secrets
To the stars, and gurgled sweet songs
To the moon, which peeped through clouds
Quickly to steal silent kisses
From the sparkling waters, chatting
With stones, toying with the bobbing
Boughs of alder, beech, and willows;
Drooping to lave their arms, or tips
Of their tiny fingers, in that
Clear stream, flowing fresh from the womb
Of the towering blue mountains.
Keeowee, where mulberries grow—

Place of mulberries, whose ripe fruit
Crowned the board of the red man,
In its season, every year;
Whose roots, beaten to pulp and cast
Into the still waters, made drunk
The fish, which, thus drugged, floated,
Stupid, on the eddy water,
Easy for the angler to take.
Keeowee, Cateechee's wild home,
Was the jewel of Kuruga's
Vast possession of crags and vales,
Lying like a diamond rare
At the bottom of a blue lake,
Barricaded with crags and rocks,
Standing up like pickets on guard,
Keeping vigil o'er the jewel,
Which lay at their bases, as safe
As a daughter with her bosom
Bared, sleeping by her sire's couch.
The town perished in days long past,
But the laughing river murmurs
Still the red man's beautiful name—
Bears the Cherokee word as soft
As the rippie of its waters;
And enshrines forever noble
Memories of Isaqueena,
Choctaw maid and lovely captive—
A slave girl to savage masters—

Whose name, Deer's Head, they translated
Into Cherokee "Cateechee."
The maid, lonely, lithe, and graceful,
Stood by the pellucid waters,
Stooped low, whispered soft, a message:
"Allan Francis, heed my warning,
For Kuruga plans to-night thy death."
The breeze hissed through the holly,
The tall pine-tree sent forth wailings,
The leaves of the birch-tree rustled
Like the robes of an unseen ghost,
The thick foliage of the oaks
Grilled till her blood was chilled,
The clear waters groaned sadly,
The spray dropped from the willows,
Like tears from a lovely maid's eyes,
The moon ran behind a thick cloud,
There was silence, the breeze lulled,
And Cateechee glided lithely
Into the dense wood that crowned
The brow of the rugged hillside.
What made nature rudely shudder?
Was Cateechee's secret message
Awful to the flowing waters?
Aye, death lurked in the council,
Cambridge,* the home of the paleface,
Must fall—dusky warriors, painted,

*The name of the old fort at Ninety-Six.

Plumed, and armed, danced wildly
Round the glowing beacon's red glare;
While Cateechee whispered softly
To the water-sprites her message
Of deliverance and warning.
Secrets of great import, like lead
On calm waters, sink themselves deep
Into the soul's secret chambers
As thought will permit them to go;
But they trouble the calm bosom,
And will not stay buried from sight,
They cry out for help, like a man
Buffeting the waves, and will cry
To all nature till they are heard.
Th' interment, though imposed
By themselves, is not interment,
For it gives them tongues to speak,
And a voice that is shrill and loud,
Even if it be but the wailings
Of ghosts from which nature cowers.
Secrets have no cemeteries,
For they are not subject to death.
Secrets! there are none on this earth,
One, two, or more hearts are too small
For one little burden so shy,
Yet so heavy, as to bow heads
And sink hearts to the earth's level.
Brave Cateechee's heart aches and throbs

ALONG KEEOWEE'S LIMPID STREAM.

For a sharer of its burden;
If the river will not bear it,
Nor the moon nor the trees hear it,
Then the doomed paleface must share it.
The fleet ponies grazed the grass
That grew tall beneath the old trees,
Under whose weird shadows lovely
Isaqueena shyly glided
From trunk to trunk, like a shadow,
Clad in buskins, kilted to knee,
With white fawn-skins braided richly—
From beast to slave the kilt had come,
But the grace it covered was one.
"Do the ponies love me?" she said,
Her heart aching sadly with dread,
Lest some eagle eye spy her form,
And divine her purpose to bear
The news of the colony's doom
To the ear of her white lover
At Fort Cambridge. Ninety and six
Lonely miles of shadows like these,
That now lie across her pathway,
Like webs, as if giant spiders,
Mystic and unseen, sought to catch
The prey burdened with a secret,
Which Dame Nature deigned not to share.
"Ninety and six miles to Cambridge!"
She said. "Will the ponies help me?"

Her brown hand was stretched to them
As they gazed shyly at her.
It was for a moment only;
Then they turned and scampered off,
Save one, which, it seemed, moved
With compassion, came and licked
Her brown hand, like a dog that courts
Friendship, and makes motions and sounds
To touch pity, mercy, and love,
Throned in the master's bosom.
From her waist she took a girdle,
Cut from buffalo-skin, pliant,
Tanned with the brain of the beast;*
Then she improvised a rein,
To guide her steed over the hills,
And through valleys, to where fated
Cambridge stood, like the out-picket
Of the armies of the paleface,
Menacing the fruitful highlands,
Where herds of deer cropped the cane,
And shy foxes boldly gamboled;
Where the stately buffalo walked,
Packs of shaggy black wolves howled;
Where the cat of the gods screamed,†
And the heavy-antlered elk fed—

*The Cherokees tanned skins with the brain of the beast.

†See Note A.

Happiest tract of all the lands
Claimed by the stealthy red man.
In the thickest of the shadows
Isaqueena mounted her steed,
And sat with grace, as if pony
And maid in one truly had grown.
And as the fleet-footed pony
Bore away his lovely rider,
Noiseless were the footfalls, rapid
The gait, as they passed long shadows,
Which appeared not now as nets,
To arrest the maid, but woven
Tapestry to carpet the way,
Flecked with designs rare and old,
Richly planned and embossed.
The thick shadows seemed to bear
Upward the horse and the rider.
"Yonah, the good Choctaw prophet,
Muffles his feet," said Cateechee,
Lest a foot should strike the hard earth,
And thus draw the eagle-eyed
Warriors, to behold the damsel,
Urged by love, whipped by hate,
For she was a Choctaw slave girl,
Spurred by revenge, drawn by hope,
And inspired by the Good Spirit—
Carrying an awful secret
In her mind and heaving bosom,

Was there ever a maid so bold?
With so many noble motives
To give courage of heart and speed
Of foot, force of will, and purpose
Of soul, to brave fearful dangers?
Onward she rode, like the whirlwind
In speed, like the arrow in course,
And as noiseless as flight of bird.
Yonah, her nation's good prophet,
Blessed her journey and gave her speed.
Six Miles* gurgled, in the silent
Night hours, a song—hushed quickly
At her coming—wailed, sobbed,
And then boldly cheered the girl,
As she crossed it like a phantom.
Scream of panther greeted her ears;
Then she bowed low her bare head,
Whispered to the panting pony,
"Onward, speed like the cat of God!"
And he leaped forward faster,
Till the horrid scream was drowned,
In the deep black wood behind her.
Whippoorwills regaled the maid
In sad strains of wild night music;
Chuck-will's-widow, sadder to hear,
Came from farther off in the wood;
But no fears dismayed the damsel,

*See Note B.

Save thoughts of Kuruga's warriors.
Twelve Miles crossed the way, marked
On no map, nor traced on earth
By hoofs, wheels, nor by trees blazed
With the woodman's best friend, the ax
The stars were her faithful sign-boards,
Through the lonely, trackless forest.
Winding Twelve Miles bathed the sides
Of the sweating pony, and gave
Its cool waters to quench his thirst.
Then the Eighteen told the distance
She had come from Keeowee's vale.
The stream chatted over the rocks,
Loudly, as if dangers were gone;
But Cateechee lingered not.
The swift waters, dashed here and there
Over the stones in the channel,
Could no more stop their course than she.
Three-and-Twenty was more noisy,
Five miles farther from the red men,
As they sat in council, seemed
To give even nature more tongue.
Six-and-Twenty thundered over
The falls, where she crossed the stream,
Foaming, fretting, leaping, spouting—
The swift waters plunged o'er rocks.
And so distance gives men courage,
As it lends enchantment to views.

But Cateechee swept on and on,
Like the fragment of a white cloud,
Driven by the fierce wind over
A dark background, where the storm king
Mutters, howls, and holds his councils.
Onward she swept, till there gleamed,
In the east, a harbinger bright,
Of approaching day, and till birds
Twittered, in the bush, by her path;
Then she stopped by the brook-side,
Plucked berries and grapes from vines,
That hung luscious bunches round her,
And festooned rustic archways
Over the brown beauty, standing
Like some Juno, kilted to knee,
On symmetrical limbs poised—
A queen of the wild-wood, feasting
At the sumptuous board of Nature.
Now she laves her hands in the brook,
Bathes her brow, and loosens her hair,
Which falls round her shoulders and waist,
Reaching far below the braided
Deerskin kilt she gracefully wore.
The horse cropped the grass and sedge,
While fair Isaqueena rested,
And a songster, bold and daring,
Perched on the top of willow
Bush, sang, in the Cherokee tongue,

Sweetly to Cateechee, '*teechee*,
'*Teechee*, '*teechee*, it sang to her,
O'er and o'er, till from the deep-wood,
Isaqueena, '*queena*, '*queena*,
'*Queen*, came back in far-off answer,
Like an echo, mellow and soft
As the Choctaw language she spoke.
"'Tis his soul in wood-thrush and wren,"
She said. "He comes to meet the slave,
Whom he would make one day his squaw.
The fair paleface wanders in sleep,
And the birds lend wings to his soul."
"*Chego*, *Chego*," sang the redbird,
"Like the paleface you talk," said she.
"She-go, *she-go*," she repeated o'er,
Smiled till pearls peeped from lips
Olive hued, tinged with ruby.
"Would the saucy bird tell my flight
To Kuruga's bloody warriors?
Or does it, perchance, reveal my
Coming to Allan Francis' brave band?"
She asked, and then mounted her steed
And sped onward like the swift wind.
Allan Francis was in her heart,
And Kuruga's hate for white men
Drove her forward like an arrow
From the red man's well-bent longbow;
And the sweet song of the wood-thrush,

Always far away in the wood,
Called her toward her way's end—
"*Isaqueena*, '*queena*, '*queena*,
'*Queen*," was music rippling, mellow
And soft as notes of pure silver,
Ringing through the lonesome forest—
It was Choctaw pure and simple,
And Cateechee loved the bird
That had learned Choctaw so well.
Quoo-ran-he-qua, place of tall oaks,
Pleasant place of fruitful white oaks,
By the white man's Coronaca
Now displaced, was quickly passed;
And anon the curling column
Of blue smoke from Francis' cabin
Greets her eyes, through the mists of morn,
And her lover stood in the door,
Clad in fringed buckskin breeches,
And a hunter's shirt of doeskin,
Both embroidered by Cateechee,
And worn for the love he bore her.
The breech of his trusty rifle
Rested on the earthen threshold,
While he grasped the long barrel,
Like a vise, and leaned on it.
Under the broad girdle he wore
Was a knife with buckhorn handle;
On his head an otter-skin cap.

Thus attired the forest ranger
Peered through the sober green woods,
Till Cateechee's form came to sight
Under the matted boughs of oaks
And elms, stately cedars and gums.
In the slanting morning shadows
He beheld her, like Rebecca,
Isaac's bride, approaching the tent
Of her lord in the good old days,
When man's wooing was by proxy.
Then from her steed's back she leaped,
Graceful as a fawn of the woods,
Her black locks fell round her shoulders,
As she stood by Allan Francis,
Mid the shadows of the forest.
In the shadows she had started,
In the shadows ends her journey,
But the sunshine hastens the dawn
Of a peaceful voyage through life,
For Kuruga's plans are thwarted.
Ninety-and-six miles of shadows
Have been crossed by the damsel,
Who now shares the humble cabin
Of her lover—Allan Francis.

BOOK II.

The wind howled through leafless forests,
Dark clouds shut out the light of stars,
Blackness walked through earth and o'er skies,
Draping emptiness and objects
In the sablest mantles of gloom.
'Twas a night that robbers covet,
And thieves love—a veritable
Paradise for the assassin's deed.
Allan Francis and Cateechee
Sat by blazing, crackling oak logs,
That drove the gloom from their cabin,
Flooding it with mellow splendor,
While the storm king reveled over
Earth and sky like a fierce demon.
O'erhead the joist groaned with hams
Of fat venison, loin of bear,
Juicy joints of fat elks, quarter
Of the shaggy buffalo bull,
And fat sides of prowling bruin,
Hung side by side from the rafter
Beams of Allan's humble cabin.
They told of the lucky hunter's
Chase in halcyon autumn's golden
Days, of fruit and sober colors,

And made the long winter's supply
Of sweet and nutritious wild meats.
Buffalo robes, and skins of bear,
Lined the crude walls of the building—
Matted soft its well-beaten dirt floor
Like a fabled Turkish chamber.
Antlers of elk and deer, trophies
Of the chase, adorned the rough walls
Of the peaceful hunter's cabin
Here and there mid the skin hangings.
So it seemed these timid wild beasts,
Driven by the storm from their lairs,
In the dark wood, sought to enter
Allan's cot, through the skin curtains
Thrusting their heads, heavy antlered.
The skin drapings swayed to, 'twas those
Beasts, it seemed, pushing inward;
The fire shadows flickered coyly
O'er the thickly matted dirt floor,
The skin drapings swayed to, 'twas those
Beasts, affrighted, backward drawing
Their heads, crowned with thickly set prongs.
'Twas not so, but so it seemed
That cold, stormy night in Allan's
Humble cabin, where the firelight
Battled with the in-rolling darkness.
On the hairy rugs Cateechee,
Queen of the home, placed a fawn-skin

Silver-hued and spotted richly,
Like a graceful leopard's mottled
Pelt, and dressed soft and as pliant
As the finest fabric of silk—
A soft pallet for her baby,
A plump girl in her teens of months.
Thus taught in Kuruga's wigwam
That grace of fawn ne'er abandon
The maid reared on fawn-skin pallet.*
Baby cooed and mother smiled,
While the rain-drops beat on the roof,
And winds moaned, and trees bent low
To earth, and fought with their lapping
Limbs each other like mad furies.
Suddenly the door was thrust back,
And in rushed the storm with rage
So fierce that sparks, embers, and smoke,
Hot and blinding, flew from hearthstone
O'er the room, like clouds from Erebus.
But with the storm and smoke there came
Yells that shook, like leaves of aspen,
Rafter beams, joists, and the huge logs.
For Kuruga's warriors were there,
They had scented the prey to their lair,
Bayed at them now in the fire's red glare,
Like old bloodhounds, deep-mouthed, bay
when

*See Note C.

They've arrested criminal men.
Allan Francis' muscular arms
Hurled at the foe billets of wood, snatched
From the store of the night's
Ample supply of dry fuel.
For home he fought—'twas his castle—
'Gainst odds and fate bravely he wrestled.
Till he laid low many a foe,
Painted and bedecked with plumes
Of bald eagles, mottled snake-skins,
And sharp claws of prowling panther.
But the number of the foemen
Was too great for Allan Francis.
They soon pressed him to the wall,
And like vises pinioned his arms
To his sides, and bound them tightly
With strong straps of buffalo-skin.
Then they looted his cabin, burned it
To the ground, and led its inmates
Into the fierce, howling tempest.
Isaqueena bore her baby,
On her back, out into darkness
That could be felt by her sad soul.
The wind sunk from fierce blasts to sobs,
Soughed and mourned, then lulled, whispered,
And fled silently and softly,
As a fox steals into dense copse,
When the hunter winds his keen blast.

The trees stood still and wept cold tears,
The clouds parted, and the stars peeped down
On the captives, securely bound,
And led by Kuruga's warriors
Back to Keeowee's far-off vale.
Ninety-and-six miles through dreary
Forests, tangled copse, and waste-lands,
Isaqueena and her husband
Were led to the stake or torture,
Or to galling servitude's bonds.
In two days and nights the journey
Was completed, and the sad captives
Were bound in the council-chamber,
To await the coming of the Ravens.*

---

*See Note D.

BOOK III.

The braves, in the council-chamber,
Silently sat, and the captives
Stood in the midst of the circle,
Bound with thongs of buffalo hide.
Sinawâ, the Hawk's Head, was there,
Warrior of renown, from lovely
Toxawa's vale, weeping waters—
Place of weeping—where clear waters
Weep in their wild leap from the rocks,
In the bed of the tortuous stream—
Taksawâhiu it was then,
In the soft tongue of the red men,
Who first listened, and then, entranced,
Named the rapid, gushing brooklet,
From the sad wail of its waters,
As they sighed, then groaned and wept
From the lonely mountain's deep womb
To where they were born to mingle
With bold Keeowee's clear waters.
Yorhalehe, tall and mordant,
A brave from Chaestoe's valley,
Then *Tchestohĭ* was the vale's name
(Place of rabbits, good land of hares),
Sat and smoked his heavy stone pipe—
Scowled at Isaqueena's baby,
Scowled and grunted like a fat swine.

Nellewâgalehe was there,
From *Tsiyahĭ*, place of otters,
Cheeohee,* in the white man's tongue,
Place where the white-spotted otter
Slides down the steep banks of the stream
Into waters clear as crystal.
Nellewâgalehe, moody
And morose, sat still and smoked,
Like old Yorhalehe's shadow.
Cheesto Kaiere, Old Rabbit,
Sat in council from Nâyûhi
(Sand-place, where the white sand glitters,
It meant; now disfigured rudely,
By the transcript, harsh Noyowee).
It was here the red man got sand,
Which he used to polish his shafts—
Arrows for the longbow, arrows
For the hunter and the warrior.
Old Owâsta, small and wiry,
Hailed from *Tsâgi*, high stream, flowing
Far up mid the high peaks of the foot-hills
Of the lofty Blue Ridge mountains
(Chauga takes its place in our tongue).
And as he sat mid the warriors,
Puffed his pipe, like spurting *Tsâgi*,
Leaped the stones in its high, rough bed.
And as he sat gazing downward

*See Note E.

On the captive Allan Francis
And Cateechee and her baby,
He broke the long silence and gloom
That hung o'er the solemn council:
"Braves will not try squaw and papoose."
Said he. "Let Kuruga send home,
To the wigwam of the women,
The slave squaw who loves the paleface
More than the braves of her people."
Well received, his bold oration
Made the warriors nod approval,
And Cateechee and her baby
Were led to Kuruga's wigwam.
Allan Francis stood mute and still
As a statue at the parting
Of his wife and babe; for he knew
The old warriors watched for some sign
Of pain or grief, that they might brand
Him a coward, worthy of death.
He was not a stoic, nor cold
Of heart, but a stoic he was
To the braves, who watched him keenly—
And they lauded his stolid bearing.
Then Yahoma came to his seat,
A brave chief from *Ûlinai*,
(Oolenoi, the white man calls it;
Place of tubers, where grow turnips,
Fertile land of tubers and grain).

Then Corane came from his tribe,
From the fertile land of high hills,
Gentle dales, and broad, deep valleys,
A shrewd chief and a wise Raven,
From *Kŭrâ'nurasû'i*, place
Where falls the wild duck from her nest*
Under the tall canopied cliffs
(Conneross, the white man spells it);
And the tall cliffs, where ducks built nests,
Were not more rugged than the old chief
Was rough and rude. A scowl and paint,
On his scarred face lent him terror
As he looked on Allan Francis.
Old Kolona, Beloved Raven,
Honorary title bestowed
By the braves of Estatoe
(*Statayi'*, place of the green birds),
A green Carolina parrot,
Stuffed with soft moss, perched on his head,
Mid the feathers of bald eagles—
'Twas the standard of his brave tribe—
Sat and smoked in the mute council,
Like all the braves now assembled.
Anaweyâhia, the Wolf,
From Salutah,† good land of corn,
Wolfish visaged, sat and leered,

* See Note F.

† This name is written Saluda, a corruption of Salutah.

At the victim bound to the stake.
Skiagunsta, wrinkled wizard,
Whose skin wigwam, painted with hideous
Monsters, emblems of the black arts
Which he practised, stood at the base
Of grand Charshillactay, the falls,
In Saratay's lovely valley—
Charshillactay, clear, white water—
Foaming falls of the Saratay,
Changed now to Jocassee, lovely
Name of Attakulla's daughter,
Gentle bride of brave Nargoochee,
In the happy hunting-haven
Of the ancient Estatoes.*
The great council of chiefs, warriors,
And old conjurers, sly and shrewd,
Thus convened to try the captives,
Sat and smoked till the sun sank low
Into the lap of the blue hills,
That rose to kiss leaden-hued skies,
And shut out the light of day;
Leaving on earth darkness and blasts,
Moaning winds and chilly bluster.
The high peaks were crowned with golden
Helmets, the spruce-trees made their plumes,
As they stood like sentinels bold,
Of advancing columns of blue,

* See Note G.

While long shadows were thrown over
Lovely Keeowee's valley, like the broken,
Skulking columns of advancing
Scouts on the outposts in battle—
Harbingers of coming darkness.
Skiagunsta rose from his seat,
Pointed to the white sun setting,
Then he looked at Allan Francis
Bound to the stake with thongs, and said:
"The hope of the paleface now wanes.
The sun goes to his great wigwam
In the west—to the far-off land
Of braves—he goes to our fathers'
Happy hunting-grounds in the west;
But while he sleeps the moon keeps watch.
The moon is the red man's good friend:
She tells us how to mark the time,
The moon is the red man's good book.
The sun is the red man's good friend:
He will come back from his wigwam
In the west, and kindle a great
Fire in the east for his children.
The stars are the red man's good friends:
They teach us how to walk safely
In the dark woods while the paleface
Sleeps in his strong, well-built wigwam.
And Yohewah* loves the red man,

* Yohewah was the name by which the Cherokees worshiped the Good Spirit.

Good Yohewah loves his children;
Let the paleface fear Yohewah,
For he favors our great nation,
And helps our great warriors to bind
The great paleface with strong bandages
From *ahowee's** pliant gray pelt.
Let the paleface please Yohewah,
And *Uratahowee*, the great
Hunter, the deer-killer of God
For the people, will teach him how
To trap beavers, and how to shoot
The fat wild deer for Cateechee;
And let him become Kuruga's
Faithful son, the red man's good friend."
Tocuhah, *Tocuhah*,
Was the cry of the old warriors
When the cunning speaker sat down.
Then Colona, Beloved Raven,
Loosed the thong that bound the paleface,
And led him to old Kuruga,
Who gave him the pipe. He smoked it,
Puffed a cloud of blue smoke eastward,
Then another westward, and then
Southward flew the curling blue smoke
From his lips; then northward the emblem
Of peace and good will took its course.
Likewise the old warriors smoked, one

*See Note H.

And all, till the pipe had passed round
The whole circle of the council.
Allan Francis then repeated
Their most sacred word of honor—
Toeuhah, *Toeuhah*,
Twice again he said it boldly,
Then they gave him freedom from bonds:
But the Ravens watched him daily,
Lest he steal back to his paleface
Father and kin at old Cambridge.
To be watched is a bond galling,
As are fetters of cold iron;
To be watched is a bold insult,
Harder to bear than the gross charge
Of black crimes like falsehood and theft,
For it implies both these and more:
But Cateechee and her husband
Bore it meekly and with patience,
But it weakened the oath they took.
They built them a wigwam far up
In the valley. 'Twas a lovely
Spot, selected by old Kuruga—
They were children of the old chief,
By a solemn oath in council.
Beautiful for situation,
Overlooking the clear river,
With its foaming shoals and high falls,
Stood the wigwam mid groves primal,

THE SWANANOAH.

And hard by a gurgling, cold spring,
That burst from the base of the hills,
Like walls high and rough and bristling,
With rocks, buttress, and great capstone,
Of the earthy walls that shut in
The long, narrow river valley;
Flecked with smoking wigwams, lakelets,
Glimmering in the white sunshine,
Mid copse and maize-fields, nude and bare.
A spine of bright silver ran through
The vale, 'twas the flowing river
Ribbed with pebbled, crystal brooklets.
'Twas here that Awattahowwe,
The old hunter with the long bow,
Taught the captive, Allan Francis,
How to shoot the buzzing arrow
Straight as an airbeam to the mark.
Then his clever pupil roamed far,
With the hardy, skilful hunters,
Over the rugged hills and mountains,
From clear Swananoah's green banks
To Oconee's winding channel—
Swananoah, Shawnee's highway,
Road of those old forest gipsies,
Roaming over the land, like herds
Of wild bisons, from the clear lakes
Of the South, to where wild prairies,
Like seas of grass, overspread thick

With wild flowers, greeted their vision.
By the rapid Nantahala,
The old North state's wildest river,
His well-aimed shafts brought down fat bucks
And the nimble roe, whose soft pelt
Isaqueena tanned pliant—
Hangings for her cozy wigwam.
Nantoiyalih it was called then,
"Middle of the sun," they called it,
For tall groves of dark, green hemlock
Studded thickly its wild, steep banks,
As it flowed from due north to south,
On its rugged way to the blue sea.
Thus the sun could kiss its waters
Only when he reached mid-heaven;
But all the more sweet are kisses
That are rare, and stolen quickly—
Snatched in passing, their influence
Lingers on the lips of the thief;
Or when twenty-four hours roll 'twixt them,
At the midday they are sweetest,
When the deep green forest lends its
Secret chambers to the lovers.
From Hiwassa, Choctaw River
(*Iuwâssih*, Indians called it),
To old Tugalo he sought game,
Tugiluyî, Town at the Forks,
Where the limpid Seneca joins

"MIDDLE OF THE SUN"—THE NANTAHALA.

Tugalo's bold, surging waters,*
Tugilugi marked the limit
Of his hunting journeys southward;
And the Ennoree his tramps east.
Ennoree, where muscadines grow
In its fertile, vine-clad valleys,
Roamed the paleface, Allan Francis,
But the shrewd old hunters watched him.
From his strong bow flew an arrow,
Like a ray of brilliant sunlight.
It stung the heart of the roebuck;
The old hunters praised the good shot,
But all of them watched him closely.
The sweet fruit of the vine they ate,
And slept and refreshed themselves,
Feasted on the loin of the fat roebuck,
Bathed in the clear waters, o'erhung
With vines laden with jet-black fruit,
But they never ceased to watch him.
Liberty is sweet, but not with bounds.
The soul chafes when lines restrain it;
The thought thus far and no farther
Goads the spirit till the body
Leaps the limits of its prison,
Like a wild doe chased by fierce wolves.
God warns us of dangers fatal,
Then bids the living soul go free,
In illimitable regions

*The river bears the name of the town.

Of immortal truth and glory.
Bald restraint will never mend souls
Broken by sin's awful power;
Freedom's the key to right living.
To be old Kuruga's true son,
Allan Francis must have freedom
Boundless as Kuruga's free will.
The thrice-sacred *Tocahah*,
With broad valleys lovely as God
Could make them, and peaks sublimely
Grand as ever greeted eye of man,
With a territory bounded,
Could not hold the spirit of him
Whose soul craved for that sweet freedom
With which God has crowned his children.
Allan Francis, the brave captive,
Will not be bound in cold honor
By the sacred *Tocahah*.
Freedom is right, bonds make evil;
Right makes freedom, wrong makes fetters;
'Tis not right to be bound with oaths.
If our freedom's taken from us,
'Tis an insult to true manhood.
There is no wrong when the fetters
Forced on us are hurled to the earth;
Allan Francis and Cateechee,
Then, will be free as God made them,
Or they will die for sweet freedom.

BOOK IV.

Spring comes like a gentle maiden
Whose face beams with smiles of love,
And whose garments rustle softly,
Like the snowy wings of angels,
And infuse the air with aromas
Sweet as those of myrrh and cassia.
On the balmy breezes float songs
Of birds and the soft hum of bees,
While shrubs and sweet-scented flowers
Burden the air with their perfumes.
Even the brook's song is sweeter
Than when winter reigned on the earth
With its chilling blast and glittering
Icy scepter that broke the limbs
Of great sturdy oaks, and bowed low
The heads of every green-plumed pine,
And bent the arms of the cedars
To earth, making them cones of snow—
Wigwams for the nimble rabbits,
Warm, white cones where the red fox hid.
Now the sky, dome-shaped, clear, and blue,
Is the timid rabbit's wigwam,
And the cedars lift their long limbs,
And invite the birds to seek rest

And sing mid their flexible boughs.
Bees and insects hum over the land,
Joyfully hum rhythmic music,
Mingled with the sweetest odors
Of ten thousand flowers and shrubs.
Nature lives and breathes and sings songs
Of hope and love from ten million
Throats and beaks of gaily plumed birds.
Opened wide by the sun's warm rays,
Flowers carpet earth's green surface
With sweet-scented, richly wrought mats
Colored every delicate shade
By the magic brush of nature.
And out from beneath the flowers,
Dotting landscapes far and nearer,
And out from beneath the texture
Of green leaves and grasses tangled,
Peeped everywhere wild red
Strawberries, sweet, ripe, and tempting—
Nature's luscious bounty to man
And beast and bird in the spring-time.
And the Cherokee maids picked them,
And the matrons watched the brown maids
Berrying in the deep green woods,
While the wood-thrush caroled sweetly,
Berrying in the mellow sunshine,
While the butterflies, on noiseless
Wings of gold and silver, fluttered

Over them and all around them;
Berrying by the prattling brooklet,
While the grosbeak chirped so gaily;
Berrying on the sloping hillside,
While the crickets chirped so sadly;
Berrying in the cool glen's shadows,
While the saucy squirrel scolded.
'Twas a lovely group of maidens—
Nut-brown maidens with black tresses
Falling o'er their shapely shoulders;
Nut-brown arms, bare to the elbow,
Tapering, and dimpled at the joints;
Nut-brown limbs, from knee to buskin,
Bare like the arms of the maidens;
Nut-brown faces, with lips stained red,
And jet-black eyes, sparkling brightly—
Beauties they were, Nature's beauties;
Nut-brown maidens, dressed so sparely,
In the purest white doeskin kilts,
But were dressed enough for comfort,
For ease, and for graceful carriage;
Nut-brown maidens, modest and pure,
Wild brown maidens, sweet and simple,
Free as the air they all breathed;
Free from fashion, cruel ruler
Of earth's fairest and best beings;
Free from art's deceptive swindle,
By which the maid of the paleface

Often cozens her dull suitor.
For all is not gold that glitters.
These wild maidens, tall and queenly,
Primal maids of Keeowee's vale,
Wandered far out into green woods,
With cane baskets, striped with gayest
Colors—scarlet, blue, and golden—
Picking the red, juicy berries.
And Cateechee went with the staid
Matrons, to guard and guide the maids,
The nut-brown maids, picking berries.
Two long winters and one summer
Allan Francis and Cateechee
Had been captives in the valley.
The old Ravens were less watchful,
And the matrons eyed less sharply
Now Cateechee and her husband.
The sun slowly sank behind clouds
Black and threatening; distant thunder
Pealed forth warnings of the approaching
Storm, as maids and matrons hastened
Back to their homes after the outing.
And in their wild rush from the storm
The old squaws ceased to watch Cateechee,
But ran wildly through the dark woods
To their wigwams in the valley.
And as they ran Allan Francis
Met them, looking for Cateechee.

To all his inquiries matron
And maid answered, pointing backward
Quickly as they fled, *Ayrate*,
She's behind, and then pressed on
With quick steps and heaving bosoms.
"Papoose makes her weary, papoose
Makes the Deer's Head droop," said one squaw
As he met her. "The Good Spirit
Speed thy fleet feet, gentle paleface,
Bravest hunter, and bring thee to
Thy good squaw," said she. *Ayrate*,
She's behind us, she's below us,
That word thrilled his heart as he ran
And he breathed a prayer to God
For Cateechee—for her freedom.
"Aye, *ayrate* shall be her fate;
She shall dwell below this nation
Of wild Cherokee braves," said he,
"If God favors my bold purpose."
While his heart beat fast he met her,
Met Cateechee far in the rear,
Pressing forward with her baby,
Met her just as the storm swept down
On them in its wildest fury.
Quickly they sought a good shelter
From the driving wind and hailstones,
Under a great shelving boulder
On the densely wooded hillside.

And as the wind howled around them,
And the lightning's blinding flashes
Illumined the wild, dark forest,
Planned well their escape from the vale—
Keeowee's vale, wild and lovely—
From shrewd old Kuruga's power,
From the constant watch of Ravens,
From the thraldom of the nation,
And the law of savage customs.
"With thee to thy kindred I'll go,"
Said Cateechee in a whisper,
Lest the woods bear the bold promise
To the ears of some old Raven;
"To the wigwam of the paleface
Let us hasten while the storm howls;
'Twill be our friend, and spoil our trail
And blind the eyes of the Ravens."
Then she wrapped the baby snugly
In a pliant cloak of doeskin,
And gave it to Allan Francis;
It was the badge of submission
To the wishes of her husband.*
He took it and breathed *agrate*
In a whisper. "Nay! *otarre*
Over the hills," said she, "The Ravens
Will send out swift-footed runners
Ere the morning comes to the vale

*See Note I.

Or birds twitter in the thicket.
They will intercept our journey,
And thou shalt die, for our sacred
Word thou hast said, *Toeuhah.*
Over the hills, gentle paleface!
Thy bow is strong, and thy quiver
Is full of well-plumed arrows;
The Good Spirit loves thee, gentle
Paleface, friend of squaws! *otarre,**
And seek some nook in the mountains,
Where the hunters seek not their game,
And there we'll hide till Ravens,
Having spied well the land where dwell
Thy kin, thy good paleface brethren,
Shall report to old Kuruga
That the angry lightning smote thee,
Or the cat of God devoured thee.
Then, when they cease to guard the trail,
We may go to thy good kindred."
"Thou hast spoken well, Cateechee,
Over the high hills we will go,
Midway Keeowee and Nâyuhi
Shall be our good place of hiding
Till the Ravens cease to seek us."
Having spoken thus to each other,
With strides rapid and full of hope
They sought their good place of hiding.

*See Note J.

Midway Keeowee and Nâyuhi.
And they reached it at the dawning
Of the morning, just as the birds
Twittered in the lonesome forest.

BOOK V.

The storm swept the valley for hours,
And then there were silence and calm,
And the lightnings flashed their red glare
From clouds floating in the distance—
Broken and disordered columns,
Fleeing into darkness, like corps
Of defeated troops when routed.
And the growl of thunder far off,
Like great cannon slowly booming,
Covering the rear of the army
Fast retreating in the gloaming
From the victors pressing it hard
In their triumph over their foes,
Told which way the storm king had fled
With his caissons of the heavens.
And each flash of his retreating
Cannon lit the narrow valley
Weirdly, and yet still more weirdly
The clear waters of the river
Glimmering in the blaze electric
Of high heaven's heavy mortars,
Belching from their black throats swift bolts
Of death and light beaming on the earth

'Neath the scene of waning conflict.
From the besom of destruction
There oft comes light that the world needs;
But the ethics of black darkness,
And grim death, the greatest tyrant,
No one ever yet wrote for man.
The leaves of trees, drenched by the storm,
Wept like women burdened at heart
With great sorrow for their loved ones;
But there was much light on their tears—
Those bright flashes came and then fled
Quickly, but the leaves shone brighter
When those flashes came o'er the vale,
And their tears were then transformed
To rare diamonds, sparkling brightly.
It is sweeter to weep by light
Than to cover tears in darkness.
Light decreases sorrow like balm
Poured on wounds decreases their pain.
And grief is the fruit of darkness,
Clouds and night make Nature's weepings.
Hope's wee light burns to transform grief,
To set free the pining captive;
'Twas the storm that gave occasion
To the captives, Allan Francis
And Cateechee, to seek freedom;
'Twas the storm that covered their trail,
And held in leash their bold captors.

And gave fresh oil to hope's wee flame
By which they fled from their bondage.
A song, born of mellow moonbeams
In the silent hour of calm night,
May awake the sleeping anger
Of the red men in the valley,
And send them in hot haste to seek
Their bold captive, Allan Francis.
As strange as it may be, 'twas so;
For the pale moon rose high over cliffs
And crags that shut in the calm vale,
And with her beams, mellow and bright,
There came a sweet song in the night,
Sweet, because it was soft and sad—
A song born, it seemed, of sorrow—
A sad, mystic song of love, sick
With grief and cares and sore troubles—
A song for no ear designed,
But to comfort the sad singer
In the slowly moving night hours—
A song called forth by the scepter
Of the pale moon as she touched
With her mystic wand the sore spot
Of the singer's troubled bosom.
Light is burdened with songs of peace,
But 'tis the great light of broad day
That wakes joyful lays in our hearts,
And tunes them to golden measure.

And e'en moonlight has its voices;
But they are sad, low, sweet carols,
And attuned to sadder measure.
The great calm that night was broken
By a mocking-bird's sad night song;
A night song of Coonee latee,*
Trick-tongue of the Southern forest—
A song from the dripping branches
Of a tree near Allan's wigwam.
It was a low, mellow carol,
Mellow as moonbeams in the vale,
Mellow as the light that woke it;
'Twas the Coonee latee's sweet song
That the Raven of Statayi,
Passing that way, heard low and sweet
The soft dropping song of the bird,*
That told of her deepest sorrows
For lost nestlings, for aught we know,
Was the only sound that he heard
As he patroled the broad valley.
"Coonee latee is sad sometimes,
What makes sad the Coonee latee?
Does the Coonee latee call me?
Does it say Salooe sadly?
Aye, Salooe is its soft song,
Trick-tongue mourns in its sweet carol,"
Said he. "Does the Coonee latee

*See Note K.

Mourn for naught, does Coonee latee
Whisper secrets to the Raven?"
Speaking thus, he came to the door
Of the wigwam, Allan's wigwam,
And he pushed aside the curtain,
The skin curtain in the doorway,
And lo! Allan and Cateechee
Were not in their cozy wigwam:
It was empty, and Salooe
Stepped back and drew inward his breath.
And then, like the blast of trumpet,
Shrill and loud and chilling the blood,
Like a panther's grilling night scream,
"*Echa-herro! Echa-herro!*"
The dread war-whoop of the red man,
Clarion shout of Cherokee braves,
Echoed through the silent valley,
Answered by a thousand warriors.
The hills shook, and threw back the shout,
"*Echa-herro, Echa-herro!*"
Till the valley, rocks, hills, and coves
Seemed to have great throats of fine brass
And a voice like that of thunder,
Loud, deep-toned, and tongues to use it.
To Salooe's call the braves came—
Came to the lodge of the paleface:
But lo! the brave paleface was gone,
And Cateechee had fled with him.

They tore their hair, stamped on the ground,
Cursed much by their evil spirit;
And then bound each other by oaths
To bring back their captives quickly.
"*Toeuhah! Toeuhah!*" *
Rang out loudly on the night air,
Like their war-whoop, *Echa-herro*,
And the mountains echoed the word,
Doubly sacred to the red man.
Runners, fleet of foot and cunning,
Were sent out to watch all the trails
Leading to the good land of the paleface;
While the warriors scoured the forest,
Seeking for the hated captives
Daring to break their word sacred.
Many days and weeks they sought them,
Far and near they roamed o'er the land,
Looking for trails of the paleface.
The search was vain, and the Ravens,
One by one, returned to the vale
With no tidings of the paleface
And Cateechee and her baby.
Old Colona said that for days
Spied he well the paleface's good land—

* Every oath among the ancient Cherokees was confirmed by the sacred word *Toeuhah*. When that word was uttered in confirmation of an oath they never violated it.

Watched the men, and marked their going
And their coming, and heard them talk
To each other round their firesides
At night, while he listened to them
Under the eaves of their buildings.
They said Allan Francis was dead;
And told each the other, sadly,
How the red men took him far off
And then burned him bound to the stake.
Spied the women at their washing
By the side of the brook, prattling
O'er the pebbles; he heard them talk,
While he hid behind the great rocks,
And they talked of Allan Francis—
How the red men must have killed him;
How they burned his cozy cabin,
And took the babe and Cateechee
Back to Keeowee's far-off vale.
So it was determined by all,
As they listened to the Raven,
That their captive, Allan Francis,
Surely had met with misfortune,
And had perished in the dark forest
With Cateechee and her baby.
Then spake boldly a young chieftain,
A brave who bore marks of battle,
Oconettee, the one-eyed,
Said the lightning smote them to earth

And wolves devoured them quickly.
This speech seemed to please the council,
But shrewd old Salooe was mute;
The wise Raven of Statayi
Was not pleased; for he sat moody,
Then stole out from the great council,
And led a few young braves with him.
And with their bows and full quivers
They set out to look for the trail
Of their captive, Allan Francis.
Rambling far through the green forest,
They came to footprints in the bed
Of a brooklet in the mountains.
Like hounds keen of scent, they hunted
O'er and o'er the mountain's steep sides
Till they found a trunk of poplar,
Large and hollow, with an entrance.
Within it was a bed of boughs
And moss, a snug shelter from rain
And the dews distilled by night.
"It is their house," said Salooe,
"Stump-house of the paleface," said he
In derision. "Stump-house of dog,
Paleface sleeps like the dog," he said.
And they grunted all approval
And thus named the rugged mountain.*
Then they passed through the forest.

*See Note L.

Like dark shadows skulking, with bows
Half drawn, ready to shoot Allan
Like a rabbit running for life.
Allan Francis and Cateechee
Were on the eve of their journey
To their white friends at old Cambridge.
On the banks of Tugalûyî bold
He had felled a great tall poplar,
And made a canoe to bear them,
In the dark night, o'er the distance.
On it he wrought while they sought him
Round his stump-house on the mountain.
And Cateechee, with her baby
Strapped to her back, gathered berries
On the banks of the bold creek
At the base of the steep mountain.
They saw her, and "*Echa-herro!*"
Their shrill war-cry, burst from their lips,
And Cateechee, startled, sprang up
Like the wild roe of the forest;
She sprang forward like a fleet deer
Stung by the swift, buzzing arrow;
Down the winding creek's* vale she fled
To where the clear waters leaped down
Depths abysmal, over a chasm,
Into a pool dark and gloomy.
Ninety feet the waters plunged down:

*See Note M.

First they leaped ten feet from the top,
O'er a ledge of shelving granite,
Forming a thick veil of water
O'er the space far under the ledge.
Over which they leaped wildly
Till they fell, with noise of thunder,
On a jutting crag of granite;
Then burst into spray and white foam;
Then leaped, hissing, eighty feet down
Into the dark pool at the base;
Where the waters boiled and foamed
In great fury, like a seething caldron.
At the falls Cateechee halted,
Stood still and erect a moment,
Looking here and there, like a doe
Bayed by angry hounds of the chase;
Her dark eyes, like diamonds, flashed
On the warriors pressing forward
Like a pack of snarling black wolves;
But her look defiant brought forth,
"*Echa-herro! Echa-herro!*"
That war-cry was her death-warrant,
Read aloud by old Salooe
And his band of bloody savages.
Allan Francis heard the war-whoop,
As he came from where his crude boat
Had been launched on Tugalûyî,
Ready for the voyage that night.

From below the falls he looked up
And saw standing on the rock's brink,
O'er the awful chasm, Cateechee.
Dauntless she stood, a Diana
Of the forest, and the soft rays
Of the red sun, sinking in seas
Of clouds, golden-hued and purple,
Threw a rainbow over her head,
As she stood midst the spray rising
Round her form, with her plump baby
Bound to her back with doeskin straps.
A swift arrow buzzed by her head,
Then another, and another,
Till a shower of shafts flew past
Her; away down the deep ravine
They flew, and then fell on the rocks
And sand with sounds sharp and clicking.
In the midst of the great shower
Of darts her hand waved she with grace,
And then leaped down the abyss dark.
Allan Francis saw what happened,
And then crouched behind a boulder;
Out of sight he lay and watched well
Every movement of the warriors.
They came and stood on the same rock
Where Cateechee had stood, facing
The dread foe that yelped like wolves
As they rushed toward their captive.

Then they looked down the chasm, yawning,
Dizzy, and hissing, as 'twere a den
Of great vipers, writhing in pain,
And twice angered by some mad foe.
Then they howled like hounds of the chase.
For their game escaped them just when
She was almost in their firm grasp.
How oft it is the prize leaves us
Just when we reach forth to seize it!
It was so with Allan Francis;
Just as his crude craft was launched
His hopes seemed to vanish like dust
When falls to earth the hasty shower.
His heart ached; still there was a beam
Of hope, if his eyes were not false.
Did not the foot of Cateechee
Land on the crag jutting outward,
Just ten feet below the great rock
On which she stood like a statue
While the arrows fell around her?
Then, did she not vanish quickly
Out of sight, like a dim shadow?
Did she not glide quickly under
The ledge and behind the water,
The thick veil of falling water?
Was there left to him ground for hope?
Was Cateechee snugly hiding,
Or did some shaft fatal pierce her?

THE VEIL BEHIND WHICH ISAQUEENA HID.

Was her body, limp in cold death,
Hanging on some jutting boulder
Far down the depths of the high falls?
Or in the great pool of water,
Hissing, seething like a great pot
Boiling over its great black rim?
Dark forebodings crushed his sad soul,
But beams of hope came to cheer him.
He beheld the savage warriors,
As they looked down the great depths.
One by one they looked down the falls;
Then Salooe, thwarted, peered down
The deep chasm, and then led his men
From the falls back to the stump-house,
Where, concealed, they waited for Allan
To return from the chase at eve—
They divined he was out hunting.
And, while they all watched the stump-house,
Allan Francis climbed the steep cliff,
And from where Cateechee last stood
Called her name, Cateechee, softly
Whispered her name, and she heard it:
In the din and roar of the falls
She heard her name whispered softly.
She knew well the tones of the voice,
And came forth from under the rock,
And stood on the crag where, foaming
All around her, the mad waters

Leaped and plunged high into the air.
Like a fabled mermaid she stood
Mid the spouting, angry waters.
Allan threw down long buckskin thongs,
And Cateechee bound them round her.
Thus secured, he drew her safely
From the sleek crag on which she stood
To the rock from which she leaped
In her bold escape from the braves
Led by wily old Salooe.
Thus delivered, they climbed down the cliff,
Stepping with care from rock to rock,
Till they reached the foaming water.
Then they walked in the stream's bed
To the river, and left no trails
By which the keen-eyed old warriors,
Like keen-scented hounds, might trace them
To their boat on Tugalûyî.
When they reached their crude boat, floating
At its mooring, the moon was up,
Lighting the bold river's waters
Like a broad belt of pure silver
Stretching through the silent, dark woods.
Allan and Cateechee seized each
An oar, and sent the boat far out
Into the broad river's current.
Then down the swift stream the boat sped,
Driven by oars wielded by hands

Nerved by the thought of freedom,
Of home, of kind friends and kindred.
Swiftly onward, and still onward,
Tugalûyi bore their crude craft,
And ere morning's songsters piped,
Trilled, and whistled to the captives,
They were safe from cruel hatred
And vindictive plots of red men,
Far beyond Kuruga's wild realm,
Out of old Salooe's power.
Ere long they left their craft floating
On Savannah's peaceful bosom,
And came through the primal forest
To their paleface friends and kindred
At old Cambridge, now well named
Ninety-Six, to honor the deed
Of the heroine, Cateechee.
Like Naomi and Ruth they came,
The great wonder of the people;
Like them they were gladly welcomed,
Like them they were greatly loved,
Like them they lived to a ripe old age
And in great peace lay down in death.

APPENDIX.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Note A.

The Cherokee Indians called the panther "the cat of God." They admired its cunning, its stealthy step, and its prodigious leap; hence all male children were made to sleep from childhood to manhood on pallets of panther-skins, that they might imbibe the cunning and the ferocity of the beast.

Note B.

The distance from Keeowee to the old fort, Cambridge, was estimated by the Indian traders to be about ninety-six miles. The name, Cambridge, was changed to Ninety-Six, in commemoration of Cateechee's bold ride to save the settlers from massacre by Kuruga's warriors. Six Miles, a small creek in Pickens County; Twelve Miles, a small river, also in Pickens County; Eighteen Creek, marking a large portion of the boundary-line between Anderson and Pickens Counties; Three-and-Twenty and Six-and-Twenty are creeks in Anderson County. All of these streams were named in commemoration of Catee-

chee's heroic ride. They are respectively six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-three, and twenty-six miles from the old Indian town, Keeowee, once the capital of the Lower Cherokees.

NOTE C.

The earliest white traders with the Cherokees inform us that the women were fairer than those of other tribes, and that they were tall and graceful. Every female child, from infancy to womanhood, was made to sleep on fawn-skin pallets, that they might imbibe the grace of carriage and the beauty of the fawn. Adair informs us that the Cherokee women were not only graceful, but most excellent housekeepers.

NOTE D.

In every Cherokee town there was a Raven, whose office was to watch over the town, give warning when dangers threatened, and overlook every interest of his tribe. They were the great advisers of their people. The office was doubtless, as the name itself implies, suggested by the crows, one of which always keeps watch while the flock feeds, and whose cry is always a signal for flight.

NOTE E.

Checohee is a remarkable instance of the pronunciation of a word keeping its original sound,

while its form has been changed almost beyond recognition. Cheeohee is pronounced as if it were written *Choy*.

NOTE F.

Conneross Creek, in Oconee County, was named from the fact that a wild duck built its nest under a cliff—or, rather, under a great rock that projected over the creek from a perpendicular cliff on its banks. When the duck flew from her nest she was compelled to drop downward until she cleared the rock, and then she arose. Hence the name *Kawanurasui* in the dialect of the Lower Cherokees, and *Kawanulasui* in the Upper Cherokees, abbreviated by the Indians to *Kawanuras*.

NOTE G.

The beautiful tradition of Jocassee is recorded by William Gilmore Simms in "Wigwam and Cabin." The Oconees and the Little Estatoees were minor tribes of the Cherokee nation, and between these two tribes there was deadly enmity. Chatuga, belonging to the Oconees, aspired to be chief of the nation at large; but the Estatoees defeated his designs, hence the enmity that existed between these two tribes. Nargoochee, a young brave of the Estatoees, fell in love with Jocassee, an Oconee maid, the daughter of Attakulla, a chief. At a great wolf-

hunt in Jocassee Valley, Cheeochee slew Nargoochee, his sister's lover and plighted husband. The bloody murderer came to the river where Jocassee and her father, Attakulla, sat in a canoe awaiting the return of the hunters. When he came the scalp of Nargoochee dangled from his belt. The fair maid gave no sign of grief when she learned of the foul murder of her lover, but sat still in the canoe till it reached the middle of the river, then called the Saratay, the main branch of the Keeowee. When the boat reached the middle of the current she arose from her seat and plunged into the deep water, determined, if she could not be Nargoochee's bride in this world, to join him in the happy hunting-ground of the Estatoees. Thus perished the beautiful Jocassee. The valley and the river called by her name were named in honor of her tragic death.

Note H.

"The Cherokee name for the deer was *ahowwe*, and *awatahowwe*, a very common term among them, meant 'the great deer-killer of God for the people.' Since my time this title was very honorable among them. Every town solemnly appointed one—him whom they saw that God had at sundry times blessed with better success than his brethren in supplying them with a holy

banquet, that they might eat and rejoice before the divine essence."—*Quoted by Logan, in his "History of Upper South Carolina," from Adair.*

Note I.

The Cherokee women always kept their offspring when any separation resulted between husband and wife. It was the law of the Cherokees. When a wife thus placed her babe in the hands of her husband, it was the strongest pledge she could give to follow him wherever he might go.

Note J.

The Cherokee *otarre* means "over the hills." *Ayrate* signifies "lower," "below." The nation was divided into two grand divisions—the "Over Hills," *otarre;* and the "Under Hills," those below. *Ayrate* therefore conveys the idea of that which is below or behind.

Note K.

Coonee latee was the Indian name of the mocking-bird. I wish the name "mocking-bird" could be blotted out of our vocabulary—it is so harsh, and by no means musical. Our sweetest and most famous songster should have a musical name. Coonee latee is full of euphony—it signifies "trick-tongue."

The "dropping song" of the mocking-bird be-

gins with a high note and sinks gradually to the lowest key. It is rarely heard, except in the mating season.

NOTE L.

Stump-House Mountain is in the northwestern portion of Oconee County. It is on the direct line of the old survey of the Blue Ridge railroad. The mountain is punctured by an unfinished tunnel through solid granite.

NOTE M.

Isaqueena Creek, named in honor of Cateechee, whose Choctaw name was Isaqueena. Isaqueena Falls are within a few hundred yards of the southern entrance of the tunnel through Stump-House Mountain. See Note L.

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